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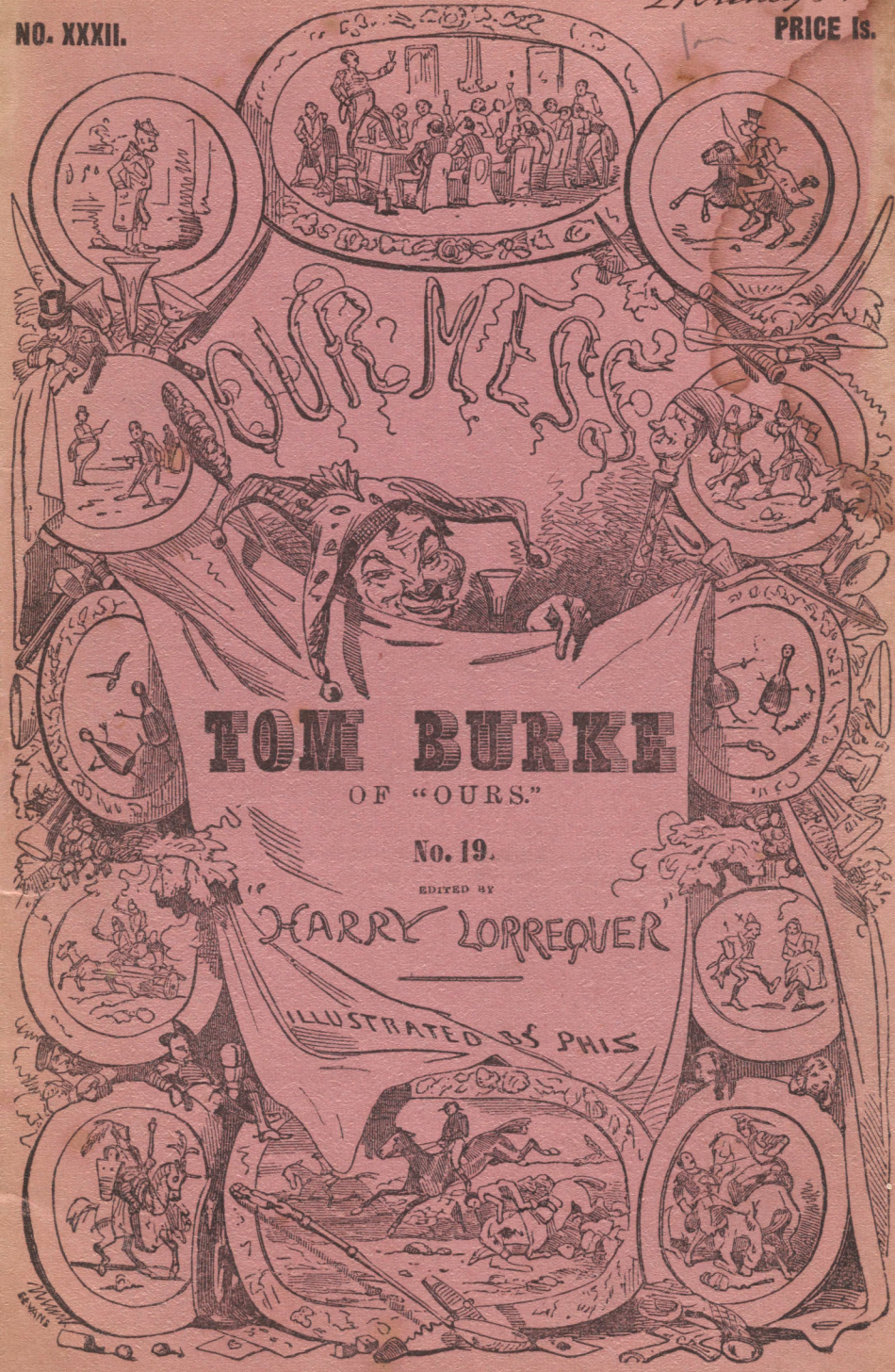

TOM BURKE

OF "OURS."

No. 19.

EDITED BY

HARRY LORREQUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ

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DURING HIS VARIOUS CAMPAIGNS;

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BY COLONEL GURWOOD.

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CHAPTER LXXV.

AN OLD SAILOR OF "THE EMPIRE."

No circumstance of any interest occurred on my journey to Marbœuf; my passport, made out in my own name as a *sous-officier* on leave, secured me against any interruption or delay; and on the third evening I reached the little way-side cabaret, about a league beyond the town, where I was informed by the Count that the Abbé would await me.

[illegible]

AN unavoidable accident having delayed the completion of the Plates illustrating the present Number, it has been found necessary to issue it without them; they will, however, be given next month.

[illegible] any traveller, he has evidently been afraid to venture. This is the 10th, on the 12th the vessel is to be off the coast—after that it will be too late."

"But he may come yet."

The man shook his head and sighed, then muttered half aloud—"It was a foolish choice to take a coward for a hazardous enterprize. The Count de Chambord has been here twice to-day to see him, but in vain."

"Where is he, then—at what distance from here?"

"No one knows; it must be some leagues away, however, for his messenger seems tired and weary when he comes, and never returns the same day."

"Is it not possible he may have pushed on to the coast, finding this place occupied?"

"Ah, sir, it is plain you know him not; he has no daring like this, and would never seek a new path if the old were closed against him; but, after all, it would be useless here."

"How so?"

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To my surprise, however, I discovered that the house was occupied by a detachment of the "Marines of the Guard," proceeding from Marbœuf to the coast; with these, assuming the "Camaraderie" of the service, I soon made acquaintance, and being possessed of some information about the army, my company was at once coveted by the sailors, who had no opportunity of learning the events of the campaign.

The flurried manner and the over-solicitous desire of the landlord to please, did not escape me; and taking the first opportunity that offered, I followed him into his room, and closed the door behind me.

"Has *he* arrived?" said I, assuming at once the tone of one with whom there need be no secrecy.

"Ha, you are the Captain, then; and I was right," said he, not replying to my question, but showing that he was aware who I was. But in an instant he resumed—"Alas! no, sir; the orders to have quarters ready for ten men reached me yesterday; and though I told his messenger that he might come in safety, the marines never noticing any traveller, he has evidently been afraid to venture. This is the 10th, on the 12th the vessel is to be off the coast—after that it will be too late."

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"The letters have not come yet, and without them he could not leave the coast. Meanwhile, be cautious; take care lest your absence should be remarked by the men; return to them now, and if any thing occur, I will make a signal for you."

The landlord's advice was well-timed, for I found that the party were already becoming impatient at my delay, and wondering what had caused it.

"They say, comrade," said a short-set, dark-featured Breton, whose black beard and moustache left little vestige of a human face visible—"they say that the cavalry of the Guard give themselves airs with us marines, and that our company is not good enough for them; is this the case?"

"It is the first time I have heard the remark," replied I; "and I hope it may be the last; with us of the eighth, I know, such a feeling never existed, and yet we thought ourselves not inferior to our neighbours."

"Then why did you leave us just now?" grumbled out two or three in a breath.

"You shall know that presently," said I, smiling; at the same time I arose and opened the door—"You may bring in the Burgundy now, Master Joseph; we are all ready for it."

A hearty cheer welcomed this speech, and many a rude hand was stretched forth to grasp mine; at the same instant the host, accurately divining the necessity of the moment, entered, with a basket containing six bottles, whose cobwebbed necks and crusted surface bespoke the choicest bin of his cellar.

"*Macon!* gentlemen," said he, drawing the cork of a flask with all the steadiness of hand of one accustomed to treat Burgundy properly.

"Ah, *parbleu!* a generous grape, too," said the short sailor, who spoke first, as he drained his glass and re-filled it. "*Allons*, comrades, 'The Emperor.'"

"The Emperor," repeated each voice in turn, even to the poor landlord, whose caution was stronger than his loyalty.

"The Emperor, and may heaven preserve him!" said the dark-whiskered fellow.

"The Emperor, and may heaven forgive him!" said the host, who this time uttered the true sentiments of his heart, without knowing it.

"Forgive him!" roared three or four together; "Forgive him what?"

"For not making thee an admiral of the fleet," said the landlord, slapping the stout sailor familiarly on the shoulder.

A burst of rude laughter acknowledged the success of this speech, and by common consent the host was elected one of the company. As the wine began to work upon the party, the dark fellow, whose grade of sergeant was merely marked by a gold cord on his cuff, and which had hitherto escaped my notice, assumed the leadership, and recounted some stories of his life, which, treating of a service so novel to me in all its details, were sufficiently interesting, though the materials themselves were slight and unimportant.

One feature struck me in particular through all he said, and gave a

character most distinctive to the service he belonged to, and totally unlike what I had observed among the soldiers of the army. With *them* the armies of all Europe were accounted the enemy—the Austrian, the Russian, the Italian, and the Prussian, were the foes he had met and conquered in so many fields of glory. The pride he felt in his triumphs, was a great but natural sentiment, involving, however, no hatred of his enemy, nor any desire to disparage his courage or his skill. With the sailor of the empire, however, there was but one antagonist, and that one he detested with his whole heart—England was a word which stirred his passion from its very inmost recesses, and made his blood boil with intense excitement. The gay insolence of the soldier—treating his conquest as a thing of ease and certainty—had no resemblance to the collected and impassioned hate of the sailor, who felt that *his* victories were not such as proclaimed his superiority by evidence incontestible. The victories on land contrasted, too, so strongly with even what were claimed as such at sea, that the sailors could not control their detestation of those who had robbed them of a share of their country's praise, and made the hazardous career they followed one of mere secondary interest in the eyes of France.

A more perfect representative of this mingled jealousy and hate could not be found than Paul Dupont, the *sous-officier* in command of this little party. He was a Breton, and carried the ruling trait of his province into the most minute feature of his conduct. Bold, blunt, courageous, open-hearted, and fearless; but passionate to the verge of madness when thwarted, and unforgiving in his vengeance when insulted; he only believed in Bretagny, and for the rest of France he cared as little as for Switzerland. His whole life had been spent at sea, until about two years previous, when from boatswain he was promoted to be a sergeant of the "Marines of the Guard"—a step he regretted every day, and was now actually petitioning to be restored to his old grade, even at the sacrifice of pay and rank—such was the impression a short life ashore had made on him, and so complete his contempt for any service save that in blue water.

"Come, old 'sea-wolf,'"—such was the soubriquet Paul went by among his comrades—"thou art dull to-night," said an old sailor with a head as white as snow; "I haven't seen thee so low of heart this many a day."

"What wonder, comrade, if I am so," retorted Paul, gruffly. "This shore service is bad enough, not to make it worse by listening to such yarns as these we have been hearing, about platoons and squadrons—of charges here and counter-marches there. *Ventre d' enfer!* that may amuse those who never saw a broadside or a boarding, but as for me——Look ye, comrade!" here he addressed himself to me, laying his great hand on my shoulder as he spoke, "until ye can bring your mounted lines to charge up to the mouth of a battery, vomiting grape and round-shot, ye must not tell your stories before old sailors—ay, though they be only Marines of the Guard, some of them."

"Don't be angry with old Paul, comrade," said the man who spoke before, "he does not mean to offend you."

"Who told you that?" said Paul, sternly; "why can't you sheer off, and leave me to lay alongside of my enemy my own way?"

"You must not call me by such a name," said I; "we all serve the Emperor, and have no enemies save his. Come, Paul, let us have a cup of wine together."

"Agreed—an ye promise to tell no more tales of dragoons and hussars, and such like cattle, I'll drink with you. Bah! it's not Christian-like to fight a-horseback—it's only fit for Turks and Arabs; but for men that are made to stand fast on their own stout timbers, they have no need of four-footed beasts to carry them against an enemy. Here's my hand, comrade—is it a bargain?"

"Willingly," said I, laughing; "if you consent, instead, to tell us some of your own adventures, I promise faithfully not to trouble you with one of mine."

"That's like a man," said Paul, evidently flattered by the successful assertion of his own superiority; "and now if the host will let us have some more wine, I'm ready."

"Ay, ay," cried several together, "replenish the basket once more."

"This time, gentlemen, you must permit me to treat you. It is not every day such guests assemble under my poor roof," said the landlord, bowing courteously, "nor am I likely soon to pass so pleasant an evening."

"That's as you please it," said Paul, carelessly; "if you are too good a fellow to care for money, there's three Naps for the poor of the village; mayhap there may be an old sailor amongst them."

A murmur of satisfaction at their comrade's conduct ran around the circle, as the host disappeared for the fresh supply of wine. In an instant he was back again, carrying a second basket under his arm, which he placed carefully on the table, saying, "*Pomard* of '87, gentlemen—I wish it were *Chambertin* for your sakes."

"*Tête bleu!* that's what I call wine," said one, smacking his lips, as he tasted the generous liquor.

"Yes," said Paul, "that's better drinking than the pink water they serve us out on service. *Morbleu!* how we'd fight, if they'd tap an aume of that when they beat to quarters."

The bottle now passed freely from hand to hand; and Paul, leaning back in his chair, crossed his arms before him, as, with his eyes half closed, he seemed to be occupied in remembering some long-passed occurrence.

"Ay, comrades," said he, after a long pause, "the landlord was not so far out as you may think him. I might have been, if not an admiral of the fleet, at least a captain or a commodore by this time, if I only wished it; but I wouldn't."

"You wouldn't, Paul?" cried three or four in a breath. "How do you mean, you wouldn't? Is it that you didn't like it?"

"That's it: I didn't like it," replied he, glaring around him as he spoke, with a look which had repressed any tendency to mirth, if such an inclination existed in the party. "Mayhap there are some here don't

believe this," he continued, as if anxious to extort a contradiction from any one bold enough to adventure it; but none seemed disposed to meet his wishes. He resumed—"The way of it was this:—

"We sailed from Brest, seven sail and two frigates, on a cruise in the Messidor of the year 13—it was the time of the Republic then—and our orders were to keep together, and afford protection to all vessels of our flag, and wherever an opportunity offered to engage the enemy, to do so, if we had a fair chance of success. There was one heavy sailer of the fleet, the 'Old Torch,' and by good luck I was in her; and so, before we were eight days out, it came on to blow a hurricane from the north-east, with a great sea that threatened to poop us at every stroke. How the others weathered it I can't say. We rolled so badly that we carried away our main-mast and half our bulwarks, and when day broke we could see nothing of the rest: we were lying floundering there in the trough of the sea, with nothing left but a storm-jib to keep her head straight, and all hands at the pumps; for in working she had opened her old seams, and leaked like a basket. Well, we cut away the wreck of the mast, and we threw twelve of our guns over—short eighteens they were, and all heavy metal—and that lightened her a bit, and we began to have hopes of weathering out the gale, when the word was passed of a strange sail to windward. We looked, and there we saw a great vessel looming, as large as a three-decker, coming down towards us with close-reefed topsails, but going through the water like a sword-fish. At first we hoped it was one of our own, but that hope did not last long, for as she neared us we saw floating from the peak that confounded flag that never boded us good fortune. She was an English eighty-gun ship; the 'Blanche' they called her. *Ventre bleu!* I didn't know how they ever got so handsome a model, but I learned after, she was a French ship, and built at Toulon; for you see, comrades, they never had such craft as ours. Well, down they came, as if they were about to come right over us, and never once made a signal, nor took any notice of us whatever, till quite close, when a fellow from the poop-deck shouted out in French—bad enough it was, too—desiring us to keep close till the sea went down a bit, and then to send a boat to them. *Sacristi!* there was no more about it than that, and they made a prize of us at once. But our captain was not one of that mould, and he answered by beating to quarters, and just as the 'Blanche' swept past, up flew our ports, and eight carronades threw in a fire of grape along her deck that made them dance to the music. *Diable!* the fun was short, though: round she came in stays like a pinnace, down helm, and passed us again, when, as if her sides slit open, forty guns flashed forth their flame, and sent us a broadside that made the craft tremble again, and left our deck one mass of dead and wounded. There was no help for it now. The clear water came gushing up the hatchways from many a shot-hole, the craft was settling fast, and so we hauled down the ensign and made the signal of distress. The answer was—'Keep her afloat if you can.' But, faith, our fellows didn't care much to save a prize for the English, and they wouldn't lend a hand to the pumps, but crossed their arms and stood still, waiting for her to go down, when

what did we see but two boats lowered from the 'Blanche' and dropped into the sea, which was then running mountains high. *Feu d'enfer!* they don't know where there is danger and where not, these English, and that's the reason they seem so brave! For a minute or two we thought they were swamped, for they were hidden entirely; then we saw them on the top of a wave, balancing, as it might be, and again they disappeared, and the huge dark swell seemed to have swallowed them, and so we strained eyes after them just as if our own danger was not as great as theirs, when suddenly a fearful cry for'ed was heard, and a voice called out—'She is sinking by the head!' And so it was: a crash like falling timber was heard above the storm and the sea, and the 'Torch' rolled heavily from side to side, and then plunged bowsprit down, and the boiling surf met over her. There was a wild yell, some said it was a cheer, I thought it like a drowning cry, and I remember no more—that is, I have a kind of horrid dreamy remembrance of buffeting in the waves, and shaking off a hand that grasped me by the shoulder, and then feeling the water gathering over me, as I grew more and more exhausted. But the end of it was, I came to my senses some hours after, and found myself in a hammock on board the 'Blanche,' with twenty-eight of my comrades. All the rest, above two hundred and fifty, had perished, the captain and the officers among them.

"The 'Blanche' was under orders for St. Domingo, and was no way anxious to have our company; and before a week was over, we were drafted into a small sloop of war, carrying eight guns, and called the 'Fawn.' She was bound for England with despatches from Nelson, one of their English admirals they're always talking about. This little craft could sail like the wind, but she was crowded with sick and invalided men from some foreign station, and there was not a place the size of a dog-kennel on board of her that was not occupied. As for us, we were only prisoners; and you may think they weren't very particular about our comforts, and so they ranged us along under the bulwarks to leeward, for they wouldn't spoil her sailing trim by suffering us to sit to windward; and there we were, drenched to the skin, and shivering from day to dark.

"Four days went over in this way, when, on the fifth, about eight o'clock in the morning, the look-out announced several strange sail in sight, and the same instant we perceived the officers setting the glasses to observe them. We could remark that the sight did not seem to please them much, but more we knew not, for we were not allowed to stand up, nor look over the bulwarks. The lieutenant of the watch called up the commander, and when he came on deck he ordered the men to cram on more sail, and hold her head a point or so off the wind; and, as soon as it was done, the rushing noise at the cut-water told the speed she was making through the sea. It was a fine day, with a fresh breeze, and a nice curl from the water; and it was a handsome thing to see how the sloop bent to the gale and rose again, her canvas white as snow and steady as a board; and we soon knew from the manner of the officers, and the anxious looks they'd give to leeward from time to time, that another vessel was in chase of the Fawn. Not

a man stirred on the deck, save the lieutenant of the watch, who walked the quarter-deck, with his glass in his hand, now lifting it to his eye, and now throwing a glance aloft to see how the sails were drawing.

"'She's gaining on us, sir,' cried the boatswain, as he went aloft to the lieutenant. 'Shall we ease her off a little more?'

"'No, no,' said he, impatiently. 'She's coming hand-over-hand now. Clear the deck, and prepare for action.'

"My heart jumped to my throat as I heard the words; and waiting until the lieutenant's back was turned, I stole my eyes above the bulwark, and beheld the tall masts and taper spars of a frigate, all covered with canvas, about two miles astern of us. She was a good-sized craft, apparently of thirty-eight guns; but what I liked best about her was the broad tricolor that fluttered from her mast-head. Every curl that floated on the breeze whispered liberty to my heart.

"'You know her,' said the lieutenant, laying his hand on my shoulder, before I was aware he was behind me. 'What is she?'

"'Lend me your glass, lieutenant, and perhaps I can tell you,' said I, and with that he gave the telescope into my hands, and leaned on the bulwark beside me. 'Ha!' said I, as soon as I caught the side of her hull, 'I ought to know her well. I sailed in her for two years and a half. She's the "Creole," of thirty-eight guns, the fastest frigate in our navy. She has six carronades on her quarter-deck, and never goes to sea without three hundred and twenty men.'

"'If she had three tiers of them we'd not flinch from her,' said a voice behind. It was the commander himself, who was now in full uniform, and wore a belt with four pistols stuck around it.

"There is no use in denying it, the English prepared for action like brave fellows, and soon cleared the deck of every thing in the way of the guns, but what use was it. In less than an hour the "Creole" worked to windward, and opened a fire from her long guns, to which the other could make no reply. There they came plumping in, some into the hull, some splintering through the bulwarks, and some crashing away through the rigging, and all the crew could do, was to repair the mischief the distant cannonade was making.

"'It's a cowardly way your countrymen come into action after all,' said the lieutenant, as he watched the shot hopping and skipping along the water, to leeward. 'With four times our strength, they don't bear down and engage us.'

"As he spoke, a shot cut the peak halyards in two, and down came the spar with a crash, carrying with it in its fall that ensign they're so proud of. It was all we could do, prisoners as we were, not to cheer at this; but the faces around us did not encourage us to such a course, and we sat silently watching them.

The moment the accident happened, twenty stout fellows were clambering up the rigging, and as many more engaged to repair the mischief; but suddenly the commander whispered something to the lieutenant—the men were called down again, and the craft was let fall off the wind, trailing the sails and the tangled rigging over her sides.

" 'And the prisoners, sir,' said the lieutenant, at the close of something I could not hear.

" 'Send them below,' was the short reply.

" 'We cannot, the space between decks is crowded to suffocation, but here she comes.' And, as he spoke, the frigate came bearing down, in gallant style, her whole deck swarming with men.

" 'Down—men, down'—whispered the lieutenant, and he dropped on his knee, behind the bulwark, and motioned to the rest to kneel—and I now perceived that every sailor had a drawn cutlass in his hand, and pistols in his belt, as he lay crouching on the deck. The frigate was now so close, I could hear the commands of the officers on the quarter-deck, and the word, '*Bas les branles*,' the signal to board, passed from mouth to mouth. The next instant, she closed on us, and showed her tall sides, towering above us.

" 'Now, men,' cried the commander of the 'Fawn,' 'now, forward. All who care to live, there's your ground,' said he, pointing to the frigate. 'Such as like to die on a British deck, remain with me.' The boarders sprang up the side of the 'Creole' before the crew could fasten the grapples. *Tonnerre de Dieu*, what a moment it was. The fellows cheered like madmen, as they poured in to certain death—the lieutenant himself was one of the first on board, and fell back the same instant, dead upon his own deck. The struggle was a bloody, but brief one—for a few minutes the English pressed our men back, and gained a footing on the quarter-deck, but a murderous fire from the tops cut them down in numbers, and they now fought, not for victory, but vengeance.

" 'Now, captain, now,' screamed a youth, in a lieutenant's uniform, but all covered with blood—and his face gashed with a cutlass wound, as he leaned over the bulwark of the 'Creole,' and waved his cap in the air.

" 'I'm ready,' replied the English commander, and sprang down the main hatchway, as he spoke, with a pistol in his hand. At the same instant, a fearful cry burst forth from the prisoners, for, with the instinct of despair, they guessed his desperate resolve was to blow up the vessel. We were tied, wrist to wrist, and the rope run through the blocks at our back in such a way, as to prevent our moving more than a few inches—but, what will not the fear of a dreadful death do? With one unanimous effort we tore the lashings in pieces, and got free. I was myself the first at liberty, and sprang towards the 'Creole'. Alas! they had divined the awful doom awaiting us, and were endeavouring to shove off at once. Already there were some ten or twelve feet between the vessels. I rushed forward to gain the bowsprit, a vague hope of escape suggesting the effort. As I did so, my eyes caught sight of a book, which, with his hat, the captain threw from him as he hastened below. I stooped down, and put it in my bosom—why, I know not. Life, and life only, was my thought at that moment. Then, with lightning's speed, I ran along the deck, and out on the bowsprit. At this instant, the frigate shot a-head of us—I made a

leap, the last effort of despair, and caught the flue of the anchor— a friendly hand threw me a rope, and dragged me on the deck—as I gained it, a thunder-clap, louder than ten broadsides, broke forth—and the frigate fell over on one side, as if sinking—while, over her rigging and her masts flew spars and timbers, blazing and burning, amid a black smoke, that filled the air on every side. Every man about, dropped wounded, or terrified, on the deck—where they lay, amid the falling fire of the wreck, and the terrible carnage. I wiped the blood from my eyes, for I was bleeding profusely from a splinter cut, and looked about me. The deck was a mass of dead and dying, their piercing cries and groans were maddening to hear. The frigate, however, was flying fast through the water—the 'Fawn' was gone!"

"*Tete bleu!* he blew her up," said three or four in a breath.

Paul nodded, and resumed—"Ay, comrades, and the half-dozen of her crew who stood alive on our quarter-deck, cheered the explosion as if it was a victory; and one fellow, as he lay bleeding on the planks, cried out, 'See, there; look, if our gay flag is not high above yours, as it always will be,' and that time he was right, for the spar that bore it was nigh the clouds. Well, to finish my story, in eight days we made Brest, and all of us who were wounded were sent on shore to the naval hospital. A sorry set we were—most of us disabled by splinter-wounds, and many obliged to suffer amputation. I was about again sooner than the rest, and was sent for one morning on board the admiral's ship, to give some account of the "Fawn," of which they never could hear enough; and when I came to that part where I made my escape, they all began a-laughing at my stopping to take up a book at such a moment. And one of the lieutenants said jokingly—

"'Well, Paul, I suppose it was the Englishman's breviary saved your life, wasn't it?'

"'No, lieutenant,' said I; 'but you'd be mighty proud this day to have that same breviary in your possession.'

"'How so, good fellow?' said the admiral himself, old Villaret Joyeuse, who always talked like one of ourselves. 'What is this book, then, that it is so precious?'

"'I'll show it you, sir, because I've no fear of foul play at your hands; but there's not another man of the fleet I'd let see it;' and with that I took it out of my breast, where I always carried it, and gave it to him. Ah, if you'd seen his face how it flushed up, as he turned over the leaves, and how his eyes sparkled with fire.

"'Paul Dupont,' said he, 'are you aware what this is?'

"'Yes, admiral,' said I, 'as well as you are.'

"'Your fortune's made, then, my brave fellow,' said he, slapping me on the shoulder. 'The finest frigate in the English navy is a less prize than this.'

"*Mille tonnerre!* how the others stared at me then; but I stood without minding how they looked, for I was the same Paul Dupont they laughed at a few minutes before.

"Meanwhile the admiral laid down the book on the table, and

covered it with his cocked hat, and then taking a pen, he wrote some lines on a piece of paper before him.

"'Will that do, Paul?' said he, handing it towards me. It was just this—'Bureau of the Marine, Brest. Pay Paul Dupont the sum of ten thousand francs, for service rendered his imperial majesty, and attested in a note by me, Villaret Joyeuse, Admiral of France.'

"I could scarce read the lines, comrades, for pure passion. 'Ten thousand francs!' said I at last, as soon as I found breath—'Ten thousand francs!'

"'What!' cried the admiral, 'not content? Well, then, thou shalt have more; but I have rarely met one of your cloth with so mercenary a spirit.'

"'Stay, admiral,' said I, as I saw him about to write a new order; 'we both are in error here—you mistake me, and I you. An old admiral of the fleet ought to know his sailors better than to think that money is their highest reward; it never was so at least with Paul Dupont. Let me have my book again.'

"'Come, come, Paul—I believe I understand you now,' said he, 'your warrant shall be made out this day.'

"'No, admiral, it's too late,' said I, 'if that had come first, and from yourself, all well—but it looks like a bargain now, and I'll not have promotion that way.'

"'*Mort de diable!*' said he, stamping with passion, 'but they're all the same. These Bretons are as brutal in their obstinacy as their own cattle.'

"'You say true, admiral,' said I; 'but, if they're obstinate in wrong, they're resolute in right. You are a Breton gentleman, give me back my book.'

"'Take it,' said he, flinging it at me, 'and let me never see your face again'—and with that he left the cabin, and banged the door after him in a rage. And so, I went my way, comrades, back to my ship, and served for many a long year after, carrying that book always in my breast, and thinking to myself—'Well, what if thou art only a boatswain, Paul, thou hast wherewithal in thy keeping to make thee a commodore any day.'"

"And what can it be, then, this book?" said the party, in a breath.

"You shall see," said Paul, solemnly—"for, though I have never showed it since—nor, have I ever told the story before, here it is." With these words, he drew from his bosom a small square volume, bound in vellum, and fastened by a clasp, lettered on the cover, "Signals of the Channel Fleet."

This was the secret of honest Paul's life, and as he turned over the leaves, he expatiated with eloquent delight on the various British emblems which were represented there, in all their brilliant colouring.

"That double streak of yellow on the black is to make all sail, comrades," said he. "Whenever they see us standing out to sea, you may remark that signal flying."

"And what is this large blue flag here, with all the coloured bars across it?" said one.

"Ay," cried another, "they're very fond of that ensign. What can it be?"

"Close action," growled out Paul, sullenly, who didn't fancy even the reflective praise this question implied to the hated rival.

"*Sacre bleu!*" said a third, "they've no other to announce a victory. Look here, it is the same flag for both."

Paul shut up the book at this, with a muttered curse, which might have been intended either for his comrades, or the English, or both together, and the whole party became suddenly silent.

It was now that the landlord's tact became conspicuous; for instead of any condoling expressions on what might have been deemed the unsuccessful result of Paul's career, he affected to think that the brave seaman was more to be envied for the possession of that volume, than if he walked the deck an admiral of France.

This flattery, aided by a fresh supply of Burgundy, had full success; and from story-telling the party fell to singing—the songs being only a more boastful detail of their prowess at sea than their prose narratives, and even here Paul maintained his supremacy.

Sleep, however, stronger than self-glorification and pride, fell on the party one by one, and they lay down at last on the tables and benches, and slumbered heavily.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

A MOONLIGHT RECOGNITION.

I SAT on my bed in the little chamber allotted me; and as the bright moonlight streamed along the floor, and lit up the wide landscape without, I hesitated within myself whether I should await the morning, or at once set forth on my way to the coast. It was true, the Abbé had not arrived, and without him I knew nothing of the vessel, nor where she lay, much less by what means I should induce the crew to receive me as a passenger; but my heart was fixed on gaining the coast; once there, I felt that the sea alone rolled between me and my country, and I had little doubt some means of escape would present itself.

The desire to return to Ireland, long stilled, was now become a passion. I thought some new career must there open for me, and in its active vicissitudes I should make amends for the wearisome languor of my late life. What this novel path was to be, and where to lead, I cannot say; nor am I able now, in looking back, to guess by what

sophistry I persuaded myself into this belief. It was the last ray of hope within me, however, and I cherished it only the more fondly for its very uncertainty.

As I sat thus deliberating with myself what course to take, the door was cautiously opened, and the landlord entered—

"He is come," whispered he; "and, thank heaven, not too late."

"The Abbé?" inquired I.

"No, not the Abbé, but the Count de Chambord. The Abbé will not venture; but, it matters not, if you will. The letters are all ready—the sloop is off the coast—the wind is fair——"

"And not a moment to be lost," added a deep low voice, as the figure of a tall man, wrapped in a travelling cloak, darkened the doorway. "Leave us, Pierre—this is the gentleman, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said the landlord. "Should you need a light, I'll bring one."

"Thank you, friend, we can dispense with any, save what the moon affords us."

As the door closed on the retiring figure of the host, the stranger took his place beside me on the bed, and in a low voice thus began—

"I only know, sir, that you have the full confidence of one of my staunchest and best friends, who tells me that you are willing to incur great risk, provided you gain the chance of reaching your native land. That chance—nay, I will call it, that certainty—lies in my power; and, in return for the assistance, are you willing to do me a service?"

"I served the Emperor, sir; ask me not any thing unworthy of one who wore his epaulette. Aught else, if it be but honourable and fair, I'll do."

"I have no leisure for casuistry, nor is it my humour, sir," replied he, angrily. "Neither do I seek any wondrous devotion at your hands. The service is an easy one—costs nothing at the present—involves nothing for the future."

"The slight value you place upon it may detract but little from my objection," said I.

"*Sacre ciel!*" exclaimed he, in a louder voice, as he sprang from the bed and clasped his hands before him. "Is it to be ever thus? Is every step we take to be marred by some unlooked-for casualty? Is the stamp of fear and vacillation to be on every act of our lives? This Abbé, the creature we have made, the man whose fortune is our handiwork, could render but one service to our cause, and he fails us in our need; and now, you ——"

"Beware, sir, how you speak of one who has never been accustomed to hear his name slightingly used, nor his honour impugned—with your cause, whatever it be, I have no sympathy—remember that, and remember also, we are strangers to each other."

"No, *par St. Denis*, that are we not," said he, seizing me by the arm, as he turned his head round, and stared me steadfastly in the face. "It was but this instant I deemed my fortune at the worst, and now I find myself mistaken. Do you know me now?" said he, throw-

ing off his travelling cap, and letting his cloak fall from his shoulders to the ground.

"De Beauvais!" exclaimed I, thunderstruck at the sight.

"Yes, sir, the same De Beauvais, whose fortunes you have blighted—whose honour you have tarnished—interrupt me not. The mill at Hölbrun, witnessed the latter—if even the former were an error—and now we meet once more."

"Not as enemies, however—at least, on my side. You may persist, if you will, in attributing to me wrongs I never inflicted. I can better bear the imputation, unjust though it be, than involve myself in any quarrel with one I feel no anger towards. I was in hopes, a few hours hence might have seen me on my way from France, for ever—but here, or elsewhere, I will not reply to your enmity."

De Beauvais made no reply, as I concluded, but with his arms crossed, and head bent down, seemed lost in thought. "And so," said he, at length, in a slow, sad voice, "you have not found the service of the Usurper as full of promise as you hoped—you have followed his banner long enough, to learn how mean a thing even ambition may be, and how miserably selfish is the highest aspiration of an adventurer."

"The Emperor was my good master," said I, sternly. "It would ill become me to vent my disappointment on aught, save my own demerits."

"I have seen as slight deservings bring a high reward, notwithstanding," replied he—"ay, and win their meed of praise from lips, whose eulogy was honour. There was a service, Burke——"

"Stay, no more of this," said I. "You are unjust to your own cause, and to me, if you deem that the hour of baffled hopes, is that in which I could see its justice. *You* are true and faithful to one whose fortunes look darkly. I respect the fidelity, while I will not follow its dictates. I leave the path where fame and riches abound—I only ask you to believe that I do so with honour. Let us part then."

"Where do you mean to go, hence?"

"I know not—a prospect of escape had led me hither—I must now bethink me of some other course."

"Burke, I am your debtor for one kindness, at least," said De Beauvais, after a brief pause. "You saved my life, at the risk of your own. The night at the Chateau D'Ancre should never be forgotten by me—nor had it been, if I did not revenge my own disappointed hopes, in not seducing you to our cause, upon yourself. It may be, that I wrong you in every thing, as in this."

"Believe me, that you do, Beauvais."

"Be it as it may, I am your debtor. I came here to-night to meet one who had pledged himself to perform a service—he has failed in his promise—will you take his place? The same means of escape shall be yours. All the precautions for his safety and sure conduct shall be taken in your behalf. I ask no pledge for the honourable discharge of what I seek at your hands, save your mere assent."

"What is it you require of me?"

"That you deliver these letters to their several addresses—that you do so with your own hands—that when questioned, as you may be, on the state of France, you will not answer as the partisan of the Usurper."

"I understand you—enough—I refuse your offer. Your zeal for the cause you serve must indeed be great, when it blinds you to all consideration for one placed as I am."

"It has made me forget more, sir—far more than that, as I might prove to you, were I to tell of what my life has been for two years past; but for such forgetfulness there is an ample recompense—a glorious one—the memory of our king." He paused at these words, and in his tremulous voice and excited gesture, I could read the passion that worked within him.

"Come, then, there shall be no more question of a compact between us. I ask no conditions—I seek for no benefits—you shall escape. Take my horse—my servant, who is also mounted, will accompany you to Beudron, where you will find fresh horses in readiness. This passport will prevent all interruption or delay; it is countersigned by Fouché himself. At Lisieux, which you will reach by sunset, you can leave the cattle, and the boy of the cabaret will be your guide to the Falaise de Biville. The tide will ebb at eleven o'clock, and a rocket from the sloop will be your signal to embark."

"And for this I can render nothing in return," said I, sadly.

"Yes. It may be that in your own country you will hear the followers of our King scoffed at and derided—called fools or fanatics, perhaps worse. I would only ask of you to bear witness that they are at least ardent in the cause they have sworn to uphold, and firm to the faith to which they have pledged themselves. This is the only service you can render us, but it is no mean one—and now farewell."

"Farewell, Beauvais; but ere we separate for ever, let me hear from your lips that you bear me no enmity—that we are friends, as we used to be."

"Here is my hand—I care not if you injured me once—we can be friends now, for we are little likely to meet again as enemies. Adieu!"

While De Beauvais left the room to order the horses to be in readiness, the landlord entered it, and seemed to busy himself most eagerly in preparing my knapsack for the road.

"I trust you will be many a mile hence, ere the day breaks," said he, with an anxiety I could ill comprehend, but which at the time I attributed to his desire for the safety of one entrusted with an important mission; "and now here come the horses."

A moment more, and I was seated in the saddle—a brief word at parting was all De Beauvais spoke, and turned away, and the minute after I was hurrying onward towards Beudron.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE "FALAISE DE BIVILLE."

EVERY THING occurred as De Beauvais had predicted. The authorities in the little villages we passed glanced at my passport, and as instantaneously handed it back, and we journied like couriers of the Emperor, without halt or impediment.

We reached Lisieux early in the evening, where, having dismissed the servant and horses, I took my way on foot towards a small fishing village, called La Hupe, where, at a certain cabaret, I was to find my guide to Biville.

The address of the sailor written on a card, and marked with a peculiar cipher by Beauvais, was at once recognized by the old Norman, who welcomed me with a rude but kindly hospitality.

"Thou art more like a man to make this venture, than the last three who came down here," said he, as he slowly measured me with his eye from head to foot. "These priests they sent us never dared even to look at the coast, much less to descend the cliffs; but thou hast a look about thee of another fashion. And now the first thing is to have something to eat, and I promise thee a *goutte* of brandy will not be amiss to prepare thee for what is before thee."

"Is there then so much of danger in the descent?"

"Not if a man's head be steady and his hand firm; but he must have both, and a stout heart to guide them, or the journey is not over pleasant. Art thou cool enough in a time of peril to remember what has been told thee for thy guidance?"

"Yes; I hope I can promise so much."

"Then thou art all safe; so eat away, and leave the rest to me."

Although the sailor's words had stimulated my curiosity in the highest degree, I repressed every semblance of the feeling, and ate my supper with a well-feigned appearance of easy indifference, while he questioned me about the hopes of the Bourbon party in their secret machinations, with a searching inquisitiveness, that often nearly baffled all my ingenuity in reply.

"Ah, *par St. Denis!*" said he, with a deep sigh, "I see well thou hast small hope now; and in truth I feel as thou dost; when George Cadoudal and his brave fellows failed, where are we to look for success? I mind well the night he supped here."

"Here, said you?"

"Ay, where you sit now, on the same seat; there was an English officer with him; he wore a blue uniform, and sat yonder, beneath that fishing-net—the others were hid along the shore."

"Was it here they landed, then?"

"Yes, to be sure, at the Falaise; there is not another spot to land on for miles along the coast." The old sailor then began a circumstantial account of the arrival of George and his accomplices from England, and told how they had one by one scaled the cliffs by means of a cord, well-known in these parts, called the "smuggler's rope." "Thou shalt see the spot now," added he, "for there's the signal yonder." He pointed as he spoke to an old ruined tower, which crowned a cliff about half a mile distant, and from a loop-hole in which I could see a branch of ivy, waving as though moved by the wind.

"And what may that mean?"

"The cutter is in sight—as the wind is off shore, she'll be able to come in close to-night. Indeed, if it blew from the westward, she dared not venture nearer, nor thou either go down to meet her—so, now let's be moving."

About twenty minutes' walking brought us to the old signal-tower, on looking from the window of which I beheld the sea plashing full three hundred feet beneath. The dark rocks, fissured by time and weather, were abrupt as a wall, and in some places even overhung the waves that rolled heavily below. Masses of tangled sea-weed and shells, which lay in the crevices of the cliffs, showed where in times of storm the wild waters were thrown, while lower down amid fragments of rocks, the heavy beams and planks of shipwrecked vessels surged with every motion of the tide.

"You cannot see the cutter now," said the old sailor. "The setting sun leaves a haze over the sea; but in a few minutes more we shall see her."

"I am rather looking for the path-way down this bold cliff," replied I, as I strained my eyes to catch something like a way to descend by.

"Then throw thine eyes in this direction," said the sailor, as he pointed straight down beneath the window of the tower. "Seest thou that chain there?—well follow it a little farther, and thou may'st mark a piece of timber jutting from the rock."

"Yes, I see it plainly."

"Well, the path thou askest for is beneath that spar. It is a good rope of stout hemp, and has carried the weight of many a brave fellow before now."

"The smuggler's rope?"

"The same—art afraid to venture, now thou seest the place?"

"You'll not find me so, friend; I have seen danger as close before now, and did not blink it."

"Mark me well, then," said he, laying his hand on my arm. "When thou reachest that rope, thou wilt let thyself cautiously down to a small projecting point of rock; we cannot see it here, but thou wilt soon discern it in the descent. The rope from this goes no further, for that spot is nigh sixty fathom below us. From thence the cliff slopes sharply down about thirty or forty feet—here thou must creep cautiously, for the moss is dry and slippery at this season, 'till thou nearest the edge. Mark me well, now—near the edge thou'lt find a

large stone fast-rooted in the ground, and around that another rope is fastened, by which thou mayest reach the bottom of the precipice. There is but one place of peril in the whole."

"The sloping bank, you mean."

"Yes; that bit will try thy nerve—remember, if thy foot slip, there's nothing to stop thy fall—the cliff is rounded over the edge, and the blue sea beats two hundred feet down below it—and see, look yonder, far away there—seest thou the twinkling, as of a small star, on the water?"

"The cutter will throw up a rocket—will she not?"

"A rocket!" repeated he, contemptuously—"that's some landsman's story thou hast been listening to. A rocket would bring the whole fleet of boats from Treport on her. No, no; they know better than that—the faintest glimmer of a fishing craft is all they'll dare to show; but see how steadily it burns now—we must make the signal seawards."

"Holloa, Joseph, a light there."

A boy's voice answered from the upper part of the tower—the same figure who made the signal towards the shore, and whose presence there I had altogether forgotten; and, in a few minutes, a red glare on the rocks below, showed that the old man's command was obeyed, and the beacon lighted.

"Ah! they see it already," cried he, triumphantly, pointing seawards, "they've extinguished the light now, but will show it again, from time to time."

"But tell me, friend, how happens it that the marines of the guard who line this coast do not perceive these signals?"

"And who tells thee that they do not. They may be looking, as we are now, at that same craft, and watching her as she beats in shore, but they know better than to betray us. Ay, *ma foi*, the 'contreband' is better than the government. Enough for them, if they catch some poor English prisoner now and then, and have him shot—that contents the Emperor, as they call him—and he thinks the service all that is brave and vigilant. But as to us—it is our own fault if we fall in with them—it would need the rocket you spoke of a while ago, to shame them into it. There, look again, thou seest how far in shore they've made already—the cutter is stealing fast along the water. Answer the signal, Joseph."

The boy replenished the fire with some dry wood, and it blazed up brilliantly, illuminating the gray cliffs, and dark rocks, on which the night was fast falling—but leaving all beyond its immediate sphere in deepest blackness.

"I see not, friend, by what means I am to discover this sloping cliff, much less, guide my way along it," said I, as I gazed over the precipice, and tried to penetrate the gloomy abyss below me.

"Thou'lt have the moon at full, in less than two hours, and if thou'lt take a friend's counsel, thou'lt have a sleep ere that time—lay thee down yonder on those rushes, I'll awake thee, when the time comes for it."

The rather, that I resolved to obey my old guide in his every direction, than from any desire for slumber at such a time, I followed his advice, and threw myself full length in a corner of the tower. In the perfect stillness of the hour, the sea alone was heard, surging in slow minute peals through many a deep cavern below, and then, gathering for fresh efforts, it swelled and beat against the stern rocks in passionate fury. Such sounds, heard in the silence of the night, are of the saddest—nor was their influence lightened by the low, monotonous chant of the old sailor, who, seated in a corner, began to repair a fishing-net, as he sung to himself some ditty of the sea.

How strangely came the thought to my mind, that all the peril I once incurred to reach France, the hoped-for, wished-for land, I should again brave, to escape from its shores. Every dream of boyish ambition dissipated—every high hope flown—I was returning to my country as poor and humble as I left it, but with a heart shorn of all the enthusiasm that gave life its colouring. In what way I could shape my future career, I was not able even to guess—a vague leaning to some of England's distant colonies, some new world beyond the seas, being all my imagination could frame of my destiny. A sudden flash of light illuminating the whole interior of the tower, startled me from my musings, while the sailor called out—"Come, wake up, friend, the cutter is standing in close, and a signal to make haste flying from her mast."

I sprang to my legs, and looked out, the sea was all freckled with the moonlight, and the little craft shone like silver, as the bright beams glanced on her white sails. The tall cliffs alone preserved their gloom, and threw a dark and frowning shadow over the waves beneath them.

"I can see nothing close to shore," said I, pointing to the dark rocks beneath the window.

"Thou'lt have the moon, presently, she's rising above the crest of the hill, and then the cliffs are clear as at noonday. So, make haste; strap on that knapsack on your shoulder, high up, mind—and give thine arms full play. That's it, now fasten thy shoes over all. Thou wert not about to wear them, surely," said he, in a tone almost derisive. "Take care, in keeping from the face of the rock, not to sway the rope, it wears the cordage—and above all, mind well, when thou reach the cliff below. Let not thy hold go, before thou hast well felt thy footing. See, the moon is up already."

As he spoke, a vast sheet of yellow light seemed to creep over the whole face of the precipice, displaying every crag and projection, and making every spot of verdure or rock brilliant in colour; while, many a fathom down below, the heavy waves were seen, now rising in all their majestic swell, now pouring back in their thousand cataracts from every fissure in the precipice. So terribly distinct did each object show, so dreadfully was each distance marked, I felt that all its former gloom and darkness were not one-half so thrilling as that moonlight splendour.

"*La bonne Marie* guard thee now!" said the old seaman, as he

wrung my hand in his strong fingers. "Be steady, and cool of head, and there is no danger; and look not downwards, till thou hast got accustomed to the cliff."

As he said this, he opened a small door at the foot of the tower stair, and, passing through himself, desired me to follow. I did so, and now found myself on a narrow ledge of rock, directly over the crag; below, at about ten feet, lay the chain, to which the rope was attached, and to reach it was not the least perilous part of the undertaking; but in this I was assisted by the old man, who, passing a rope through a massive iron staple, gradually lowered me, till my hand came opposite the chain.

"Thou hast it now," cried he, as he saw me disengage one hand and grasp the iron links firmly.

"Yes—all safe! Good by, friend—good by."

"Wait yet," cried he again. "Let not go the cord before thou thinkest a minute or so. I have known more than one change his mind when he felt himself where thou art."

"Mine is made up. Farewell!"

"Stay, stay!" shouted he rapidly. "See, thou hast forgotten this purse on the rock here. Wait, and I will lower it with a cord."

By this time I had grasped the chain firmly with both hands, and with the resolve of one who felt life depend on his own firmness, I began the descent. The old man's voice, as he muttered a prayer for my safety, grew fainter and fainter, till at length it ceased to reach my ears altogether. Then for the first time did my heart sink within me. The words of one human being, faint and broken by distance, suggested a sense of sympathy, which nerved my courage and braced my arm; but the dreary silence that followed, only broken by the booming of the sea below, was awful beyond measure.

Hand below hand I went, the space seeming never to lessen, as I strained my eyes to catch the cliff where the first rope ended. Time, as in some fearful dream, seemed protracted to years long; and I already anticipated the moment when, my strength failing, my hands would relinquish their hold, and I should be dashed upon the dark rocks below. The very sea-birds which I startled in my descent, wheeled round my head, piercing the air with their shrill cries, and as if impatient for a prey. Above my head, the frowning cliff beetled darkly; below, a depth unfathomable seemed to stretch, from whose black abyss arose the wild sounds of beating waves. More than once, too, I thought that the rope had given way above, and that I was actually falling through the air, and held my breath in horror; then, again, the idea flashed upon me that death inevitable awaited me, and I fancied in the singing billows I could hear the wild shouts of demons rejoicing over my doom. Through all these maddening visions, the instinct to preserve my life held its strong sway, and I clutched the knotted rope with the eager grasp of a drowning man, when suddenly I felt my foot strike a rock beneath, and then discovered I was on the cliff of which the sailor had told me.

In a few seconds the sense of security imparted a thrill of pleasure to my heart, and I uttered a prayer of thankfulness for my safety; but the fearful conviction of greater danger as suddenly succeeded. The rope I had so long trusted terminated here: the end hung listlessly on the rock; and from thence to the brow of the cliff nothing remained to afford a grip, save the short moss and the dried ferns, withered with the sun. The surface of this frightful ledge sloped rapidly towards the edge, where was the rock around which the rope was tied.

Fatigued by my previous exertion, I sat down on that moss-grown cliff, and gazed out upon the sea, along which the cutter came, proudly dashing the spray from her bows, and bending gracefully with every wave. She was standing fearlessly in, for the wind was off the land; and, as she swept along, I could have fancied her directly beneath my ery feet.

Arousing myself from the momentary stupor of my faculties, I began to creep down the cliff; but so slippery had the verdure become by heat, that I could barely sustain myself by grasping the very earth with my fingers. A loud "Holloa!" was shouted from the craft, and arose in many an echo around me. I tried to reply, but could not. A second cheer saluted me, but I did not endeavour to answer it. The moment was full of peril: I had come to the last spot which offered a hold, and below me, at some feet, lay the rock, hanging, as it were, over the precipice. It seemed to me as though a sea-bird's weight might have sent it thundering into the depth beneath. The moon was on it, and I could see the rope coiled twice around it, and knotted carefully. What would I have given in that terrible minute for one tuft of grass, one slender bough, even enough to have sustained my weight for a second or two, until I should grasp the cord! But none was there. A louder cry from the cutter now rang in my ears, and the dreadful thought of destruction now flashed on me. I fixed my eyes on the rock to measure the place, and then, turning with my face towards the cliff, I suffered myself to slip downwards. At first I went slowly, then faster and faster. At last my legs passed over the brow of the precipice. I was falling! My head reeled I uttered a cry, and, in an agony of despair, threw out my hands. They caught the rope. Knot after knot slipped past my fingers in the descent ere my senses became sufficiently clear to know what was occurring; but even then, the instinct of self-preservation was stronger than reason, for I afterwards learned from the boat's crew with what skill I guided myself along the face of the cliff, avoiding every difficulty of the jagged rocks, and tracking my way like the most experienced climber.

I stood upon a broad flat rock, over which white sheets of foam were dashing. O, how I loved to see them curling on my feet! I could have kissed the bright water, on which the moon-beams sported, for the moment of danger was passed. The shadow of a dreadful death had moved from my soul. What cared I now for the boiling surf that toiled and fretted about me! The dangers of the deep were as nothing to that I escaped from, and when the cutter's boat came bounding towards me,

I minded not the oft-repeated warnings of the sailors, but, plunging in, I dashed towards her on a retreating wave, and was dragged on board almost lifeless from my struggles.

The red glare of the signal-fire was blazing from the old tower, as we got under way. I felt my eyes rivetted on it as I lay on the deck of the little vessel, which now stood out to sea in gallant style. It was my last look of France, and so I felt it.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE LANDING.

With the crew of the cutter I had little intercourse. They were Jersey men, that hybrid race, neither French nor English, who followed the trade of spies and smugglers, and were true to nothing save their own interests. The skipper, a coarse, ill-featured fellow, in no respect superior to the others, leisurely perused the letter De Beauvais gave me on my departure; then, tearing it slowly, threw the pieces into the fire.

"What, then, is this?" said he, taking up a sealed packet, which I now for the first time perceived was fastened to my knapsack. "It seems meant for me. Look at the address—'Jacques Cloquette,' on board the 'Rouge Galant;'" and, so saying, he broke the seal, and bent over the contents.

"Oh!" cried he, in a voice of triumphant delight, "this is a prize worth having—the English signal-book;" and he held up the little volume which Paul Dupont had rescued from the 'Fawn.'

"How came it here?" said I, horror-struck at the loss the poor sailor had sustained.

"Old Martin of the 'Star' tells me he stole it from a marine of the Guard, and that it cost him twenty-four flasks of his best Pomard before the fellow and his companions were drunk enough to make the theft practicable."

I remembered at once the eagerness of the landlord for my departure, and the hurried anxiety of his wish that morning might find me miles off on my journey, as well as the care he bestowed on strapping my knapsack, and saw how all had occurred.

"I knew most of them already," continued the skipper, "but here is one will serve our turn well now. The very thing we wanted, for it saves all delay and stoppage. That flag is the signal for admiralty despatches, which are often brought by small craft like ours, when they can't spare cruisers. We'll soon rig it out, you'll see, and run down channel with all our canvas set."

He went aft as he spoke, and in a few seconds the cutter's head was directed straight towards the English coast, while, crowding on more sail, she seemed to fly through the water.

The cheering freshness of the sea-breeze, the sense of danger past, the hope of escape, all combining, raised my spirits and elevated my courage; but through all, I felt grieved beyond measure at the loss of poor Paul Dupont. The prize the honest fellow valued next to life itself, if not above it, taken from him in the very moment of his exultation. Besides, I could not help feeling that suspicion must light on me from my sudden disappearance; and my indignation was deep, to think how such an imputation would tarnish the honour of that service I gloried in so much. How far may such a calumny spread? thought I. How many lips may repeat the tale, and none be able to deny it! Deep as was my regret at the brave Breton's loss, my anger for its consequences was still deeper; and I would willingly have perilled all my hope of reaching England to have been able to restore the book into Paul's own hand.

These feelings did not tend to draw me closer in intimacy with the skipper, whose pleasure at the acquisition was only heightened by the subtlety of its accomplishment, and seemed never so happy as when repeating some fragment of the landlord's letter, and rejoicing at the discomfiture the brave sailor must have experienced on discovering his loss. To witness the gratification a coarse nature feels in some unworthy but successful action, is the heaviest penalty an honourable mind can experience, when, unhappily, its possessor has been in any way accessory to the result. With these reflections I fell off to sleep, and never woke till the bright sun was shining over the white-crested water, and the craft breasting the waves, with a strong breeze upon her canvas.

As we held on down channel, we passed several ships of war beating up for Spithead; but our blue bunting, curiously streaked with white, was a signal which all acknowledged, and none ventured to retard. Thus passed the first day. As night was falling, we beheld the Needles on our lee, and, with a freshening breeze, held on our course.

A second morning broke, and now the sea was covered with the white sails of a magnificent fleet, bound for the West Indies. At least so the skipper pronounced it. It was indeed a glorious sight to see the mighty vessels obeying the signals of the flag-ship, and shaping their course through the blue water, as if instinct with life and reason. They were far seaward of us, however; for now we hugged the land, as the skipper was only desirous of an opportunity to land me unobserved, before he proceeded on his own more immediate enterprize—the smuggling of some hogsheads of brandy on the coasts of Ireland.

Left to my own thoughts, the memories of my past life, I dreamed away the hours unconsciously, and, as the time sped on, I knew not of its flight. Some strange sail, seen from afar off, would for an instant arouse my attention; but it was a mere momentary effect, and I fell back into my musings, as though they had never been interrupted. As I look back upon that voyage now, and think of the dreamy listlessness

in which its hours were passed, I can half fancy that certain periods of our lives are destined to sustain the part which night performs in our daily existence, and by their monotony contribute to that renewal of energy and vigour so essential after times of labour and exertion. It seemed to me as though, the period of exertion past, I was regaining in rest and repose the power for future exertion, and I canvassed every act of the past, to teach me more of my own heart, and to instruct me for my guidance in life after.

"You can land now, whenever you please," said the skipper to me, as by a faint moonlight we moved along the waveless sea, "we can put you ashore at any moment here."

I started with as much surprise as though the thought had never occurred to me, and without replying, I leaned over the bulwark, and gazed at the faint shadows of tall headlands, about three miles distant.

"How do you call that bluff yonder?" said I, carelessly.

"Wicklow Head."

"Wicklow Head! Ireland!" cried I, with a thrill of ecstacy my heart had never felt for many a day before. "Yes, yes; land me there, now, at once," said I, as a thousand thoughts came rushing to my mind—and hopes too vague for utterance, but palpable enough to cherish.

With the speed their calling teaches, the crew lowered the boat, and as I took my place in the stern, pulled vigorously towards the shore. As the swift bark glided along on the shallow sea, I could scarce restrain my impatience, from springing out, and rushing on land. Without family, or friend—without one to welcome, or meet me. Still it was home—the only home I ever had.

The sharp keel grated on the beach, its sound vibrated within my heart—I jumped on shore—a few words of parting, and the men backed their oars—the boat slipped fast through the water. The cutter, too, got speedily under weigh again, and I was alone. Then the full torrent of my feelings found their channel, and I burst into tears. Oh! they were not tears of sorrow—neither were they the outpourings of excessive joy—they were the utterance of a heart loaded with its own unrelieved griefs, which now found sympathy on touching the very soil of home. I felt I was no longer friendless. Ireland, my own dear native country, would be to me a place of kindred and family—and I fell upon my knees, and blessed it.

Following a little path, which led slantingly up the cliff, I reached the top as day was beginning to break, and gained a view of the country. The range of swelling hills, dotted with cottages, and waving with wood—the fields of that emerald green, one sees not in other lands—the hedge-rows, bounding the little farms—all so unlike the spreading plains of France, struck me with delight—and it was with a rapture of happiness I called the land my country.

Directing my steps towards Dublin, I set out at a good pace, but following a path which led near the cliffs, in preference to the high road—for I was well aware, that my appearance and dress would expose me to curiosity, and perhaps subject me to more serious annoy-

ance. My first object was to learn some news of my brother—for, although the ties of affection had been long since severed between us, those of blood still remained—and I wished to hear of—and it might be—to see him once more. For some miles, I had kept my eyes directed towards a little cabin, which crowned a cliff that hung over the sea, and this I reached, at last, somewhat wearied and hungry.

As I followed a little foot-path which conducted to the door, a fierce terrier rushed out, as if to attack me, but was immediately restrained by the voice of a man within, calling, "Down, Vicksey—down, you baste"—and the same moment, a stout middle-aged man appeared at the door.

"Don't be afeard, sir, she's not wicked—but we're unused to strangers down here."

"I should think so, friend, from my path," said I, throwing a glance at the narrow footway I had followed for some miles, over hill and precipice—"but I am unacquainted with the country, and was looking out for some house where I might obtain a breakfast."

"There's a town about three miles down yonder, and a fine inn, I'm tould, sir," replied he, as he scrutinized my appearance with a shrewd eye—"but if I might make so bould, maybe, you'd as lief not go there—and, perhaps you'd take share of what we have here?"

"Willingly," said I, accepting the hospitable offer, as freely as it was made, and entering the cabin at once.

A good-featured countrywoman, and some young children, were seated at a table, where a large dish of potatoes, and some fresh fish were smoking—a huge jug of milk occupying the middle of the board. The woman blushed, as she heard that her husband had invited a gentleman to partake of his humble meal—but the honest fellow cared little for the simple fare he offered with so good a grace, and placed my chair beside his own, with the air of one who was more anxious for his guest's comfort, than caring what impression he himself might make upon him.

After some passing words about the season, and the state of the tides—for my host was a fisherman—I turned the conversation on the political condition of the country, avowing frankly that I had been for some years absent, and was ignorant of what had occurred meantime.

"'Twas that same I was thinking, sir," said he, replying to the first, and not the latter part of my remark. "When I saw your honour's face, and the beard you wore, I said to myself, you wor a Frenchman."

"You mistook there, then—I am your countryman—but have passed a good many years in France."

"Fighting for Boney," said he, as his eyes opened wide with surprise to behold one actually before him, who might have served under Napoleon.

"Yes, my good friend—even so—I was in the army of the Emperor."

"Tare an ages! then, are they coming over here now?" cried he, almost gasping in his eagerness.

"No, no," replied I, gravely; "and be thankful, too, for it, for your own and your children's sakes, that you see not a war raging in the fields and cities of your native land. Be assured, whatever wrongs you suffer—I will not dispute their existence—for, as I have told you, I am ignorant of the condition of the country—but whatever they may be, you can pay too dearly for their remedy."

"But sure they'd be on our side—wouldn't they?"

"Of course they would; but think you that they'd fight your battles without their price? Do you believe that Frenchmen so love you here, that they would come to shed their blood in your cause, without their own prospect of advantage?"

"They hate the English, I'm tould, as bad as we do ourselves."

"They do so, and with more of justice for their hate; but that dislike might suffice to cause a war—it never would reward it. No, no. I know something of the spirit of French conquest—I glory in the bravery and the heroism that accomplish it; but I never wish to see my own country at the mercy of France. Whose soldier would you become, if the Emperor Napoleon landed here to-morrow? His. Whose uniform would you wear—whose musket carry—whose pay receive—whose orders obey? His, and his only. And how long, think you, would your services be limited to home? What should prevent your being sent away to Egypt, to Poland, or to Russia? How much favour would an Irish deserter receive from a French court-martial, think you? No, good friend, while you have this warm roof to shelter you, and that broad sea is open for your industry and toil, never wish for foreign aid to assist you."

I saw that the poor fellow was discouraged by my words, and gradually led him to speak of those evils for whose alleviation he looked to France. To my surprise, however, he descanted less on political grievances than those which affect the well-being of the country socially. It was not the restriction on liberty of which he complained, but of poverty. It was not the severity of a government, but the absence of encouragement to industry—the neglect of the poor—which afflicted him. England was no longer the tyrant. The landlord had taken her place: still, with the pertinacity of ignorance, he visited all the wrongs on that land, from which originally his first misfortunes came, and with perverse ingenuity would endeavour to trace out every hardship he suffered as arising from the ill-will and hatred the Saxon bore him. It was easy to perceive that the arguments he used were not of his own devising; they had been supplied by others, in whose opinion he had confidence; and though valueless and weak in reality, to him they were all-convincing and unanswerable—not the less, perhaps, that they offered that value to self-love which comes from attributing any evils we endure to causes outside and independent of ourselves. These, confronted with extravagant hopes of what would ensue, should national independence be established, formed his code; and however refuted on each point, a certain conviction, too deeply laid to be disturbed by any opposing force, remained; and in his "Well, well, God knows best, and maybe we'll have better luck yet,"

you could perceive that he was inaccessible to any appeal, except from the quarter which ministered to his discontent and disaffection.

One thing was clear to me, from all he said, that if the spirit of open resistance no longer existed towards England, it was replaced by as determined and as rancorous hatred—a brooding, ill-omened dislike had succeeded, to the full as hostile, and far less easily subdued. How it would end—whether in the long-lingering fear, which wastes the energies and saps the strength of a people, or in the conflict of a civil war—the prospect was equally ruinous.

Sadly pondering on these things, I parted with my humble host, and set out towards the capital. If my conversation with the Irishman had taught me somewhat of the state of feeling then current in Ireland, it also conveyed another and very different lesson: it enabled me to take some account of the change years had effected in my own sentiments. As a boy, high-flown, vague, and unsettled ideas of national liberty and independence had made me look to France as the emancipator of Europe. As a man, I knew that the lust of conquest had extinguished the love of freedom in Frenchmen; that they who trusted to her did but exchange the dominion of their old masters for the tyranny of a new one; while such as boldly stepped forward in defence of their liberties, found that there was neither mercy nor compassion for the conquered.

I had seen the Austrian prisoners and the Russian led captive through the streets of Paris—I had witnessed the great capital of Prussia in its day of mourning after Jena—and all my idolatry for the General scarce balanced my horror of the Emperor, whose vengeance had smitten two nations thus heavily; and I said within my heart—may my countrymen, whatever be their day of need, never seek an alliance with despotic France.

"No, no," replied I, gravely; "and be thankful, too, for it, for your own and your children's sakes, that you see not a war raging in the fields and cities of your native land. Be assured, whatever wrongs you suffer—I will not dispute their existence—for, as I have told you, I am ignorant of the condition of the country—but whatever they may be, you can pay too dearly for their remedy."

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As I crossed the street towards the hotel, I remarked that he turned as if to watch me, and became more than ever embarrassed as to who he might be.

The doorway of the hotel was crowded with loungers and idlers of every class, from the loitering man about town, to the ragged newsvender—between whom, whatever disparity of condition existed, a tone of the most free-and-easy conversation prevailed. The newsmen interpolating amid the loud announcements of the latest intelligence, the reply to the observation beside him.

One figure was conspicuous in the group. He was a short, dwarfish creature, with an enormous head, covered with a fell of black hair, falling in masses down his back and on his shoulders. A pair of fierce, fiery black eyes glared beneath his heavy brows; and a large, thick-lipped mouth moved with all the glib eloquence of his class and calling. Fearfully distorded legs and club feet gave to his gait a rolling motion, which added to the singularity of his whole appearance.

Terry Regan was then at the head of his walk in Dublin, and to his capacious lungs and voluble tongue were committed the announcement of those great events which from time to time were given to the Irish public through the columns of the "Correspondent," and the "Dublin Journal."

I soon found myself in the crowd around this celebrated character, who was, as usual, extolling the great value of that night's paper, by certain brief suggestions regarding its contents—

"Here's the whole, full, and true account—bad luck to the less—of the great and sanguinary battle between Boney and the Roosians, with all the particklars about the killed, wounded, and missing, with what Boney said when it was over."

"What was that, Terry?"

"Hould yer peace, ye spalpeen. Is it to the likes of yez I'd be telling cabinet sacrets? Here, yer honour—'Falkner,' is it, or 'The Saunders?' With the report of Mr. O'Gorman's grand speech in Ennis, on the Catholic claims. There's, yer sowl, there's fippence-worth any day av the week. More be token, the letter from Jemmy O'Brien to his wife, wid an elegant epic poem called 'The Guager.' Bloody news, gentlemen, bloody news. Won't yez sport a tester for a sight of a real battle, and ten thousand kilt—with 'The Whole Duty of an Informer, in two easy lessons.' The price of stocks and shares—ay, Mr. O'Hara, and what boroughs is bringing in the market."

This last sally was directed towards a large red-faced man, who good-humouredly joined in the laugh against himself.

"And who's this, boys?" cried the fellow, turning suddenly his piercing eyes on me, as I endeavoured, step by step, to reach the door of the hotel. "Hurroo! Look at his beard, acushla. On my conscience I wouldn't wonder if it was General Hoche himself. 'Tis late yer come, sir," said he, addressing me directly, "there's no fun here now at all, barrin' what Beresford has in the riding-house."

"Get away, you ruffian," said a well-dressed and respectable-looking

CHAPTER LXXIX.

A CHARACTER OF "OLD DUBLIN."

It was about nine o'clock of a calm summer evening as I entered Dublin: nearly the same hour at which, some ten years before, I had approached that city—poor, houseless, friendless; and still was I the same. In that great capital of my country I had not one to welcome me—not one who would rejoice at my coming, or feel any interest in my fortunes. This indeed was loneliness—utter solitude. Still if there be something which weighs heavily on the heart in the isolation of one like me, there is a proportionate sense of independence of his fellow-man, that sustains the courage, and gives energy to the will. I felt this as I mixed with the crowds that thronged the streets, and shrunk not from the inquisitive glances which my questionable appearance excited as I passed.

Though considerable changes had taken place in the outskirts of the capital since I had seen it last, the leading thoroughfares were just as I remembered them; and as I walked along Dame-street, and one by one each familiar object caught my eye, I could almost have fancied the long interval since I had been there before like a mere dream. National physiognomy, too, has a strange effect on him who has been long absent from his country. Each face you meet seems well-known. The traits of features, to which the eye was once so well accustomed, awake a memory of individuals, and it is sometimes a most difficult task to distinguish between the acquaintance and the passing stranger. This I experienced at every moment; and at length, as I stood gazing on the space before the Bank, and calling to mind the last scene I witnessed there, a tall, strongly-built man brushed close past me, and then turning round, fixed a steady and searching look on me. As I returned his stare, a sudden thought flashed upon me that I had seen the face before, but where, how, and when, I could not call to mind; and thus we stood silently confronting each other for some minutes.

"I see you are a stranger here, sir," said he, touching his hat courteously—"can I be of service to you with any information as to the city?"

"I was curious to know, sir," said I, still more puzzled by the voice than I had even been by the features of the stranger, "if Miley's hotel, which was somewhere in the neighbourhood, exists still."

"It does, sir, but it has changed proprietors several times since you knew it," replied he significantly. "The house is yonder, where you see that large lamp. I perceive, sir, I was mistaken in supposing you a foreigner. I wish you good evening;" and again saluting me, he resumed his way.

touching my knapsack, which lay on the ground beside me, with his foot, replied—

"Is this your luggage, sir?"

Amazement so completely mastered my indignation at this insolence, that I could make no answer, but by a look. This had its effect, however; and the fellow, without further delay, bustled off to make the inquiry.

He returned in a few minutes with a civil message, that I could be accommodated, and having placed before me the simple meal I ordered, retired. As I sat over my supper, I could not help feeling that, unless memory played me false, the company were little like the former frequenters of this house. I remembered it of old, when Bubbleton and his brother-officers came there, and when the rooms were thronged with members of both houses of parliament—when peers and gentlemen of the first families were grouped about the windows and the fire-places, and the highest names of the land were heard in the din of recognition—handsome equipages and led horses stood before the doors; but now, the ragged mob without was scarce a less worthy successor to the brilliant display than were the company within to the former visitants. A tone of pretentious impertinence, an air of swagger and mock defiance, the most opposite to the polished urbanity which once prevailed, was now conspicuous; and in their loud speech and violent gesticulation, it was easy to mark how they had degenerated from that high standard which made the Irish gentleman of his day the most polished man of Europe.

If, in appearance and manner, they fell far short of those my memory recalled, their conversation more markedly still displayed the long interval between them.

Here of old were retailed the latest news of the debate—the last brilliant thing of Grattan, or the last biting retort of Flood—here came hot from debate the great champions of either party, to relax and recruit for fresh efforts, and in the groups that gathered around them, you might learn, how great genius can diffuse its influence and scatter intelligence around it, as the Nile waters spread plenty and abundance wherever they flow. High and noble sentiments, holy aspirations and eloquent thoughts, made an atmosphere, to breathe which, was to feel an altered nature. But now, a vapid mixture of conceit and slang had usurped the place of these, and a tone of vulgar self-sufficiency, unhappily too much in keeping with the externals of those who displayed it: the miserable contentions of different factions had replaced the bolder strife of opposite parties, and provincialism had put its stamp on every thing. The nation, too, if I might trust my ears with what fell around me, had lost all memory of its once great names, and new candidates for popular favour figured in their places.

Such were some of the changes I could mark, even as I sat. But my attention was speedily drawn from them by a circumstance more nearly concerning myself. This was the appearance in the coffee-room of the gentleman who first addressed me in the street.

As he passed round the room, followed by a person whose inferiority

man, somewhat past the middle of life. "How dare you permit your tongue to take liberties with a stranger? Allow me to make room for you, sir," continued he, as he politely made an opening in the crowd, and suffered me to enter the house.

"Ah, counsellor dear, don't be cross," whined out the newsvender. "Sure isn't it wid the bad tongue we both make our bread. And here," vociferated he once more—"and here ye have the grand dinner at the Lord Mayor's, wid all the speeches and toasts—wid the glorious, pious, and immortial memory of King William, who delivered us from popery—(by pitched caps)—from slavery—(by whipping)—from brass money—(by bad ha'pence)—and from wooden shoes—(by bare feet). Haven't we reason to bless his ——? Ay, the heavens be his bed! 'Tis like Molly Crownahon's husband he was."

"How was that, Terry?" asked a gentleman near.

"Take a 'Saunders,' yer honour, and I'll tell you."

"Here, then, here's fippence; and now for the explanation."

"Molly Crownahon, yer honour, was, like us poor craytures, always grateful and contented wid the Lord's goodness to us, even in taking away our chief comfort and blessing—the darling up there on the horse! —Ah, 'tis an elegant sate ye have, without stirrups!—And she went one day to say a handful of prayers over his grave—the husband's, ye mind—and sure if she did, when she knelt down on the grass, she sprung up again as quick as she went down, for the nettles was all over the place entirely. 'Bad scran to ye, Peter,' says she, as she rubbed her legs—'Bad scran to ye—living or dead, there was always a sting in ye.'"

As the latter part of this speech was addressed in a tone of apostrophe to the statue of King William, it was received by the assembled crowd with a roar of laughter.

By this time I had entered the house, and only bethought me how little suited was the great hotel of the city to pretensions as humble as mine. It was now, however, too late to retreat, and I entered the coffee-room, carrying my knapsack in my hand. As I passed up the room in search of a vacant table, the looks of astonishment my appearance excited on each side were most palpable evidences that the company considered me an interloper; while some contented themselves with a stare of steady surprise, others, less guarded in their impertinence, whispered with and even winked at their neighbours to attract attention towards me.

Offensive as this unquestionably was, it amazed even more than it annoyed me. In France such a display of feeling would have been impossible—and the humblest soldier of the army would not have been so received, had he deemed fit to enter Beauvillier's or Very's.

Whether hurt at this conduct, and consequently more alive to affront from any quarter, or that the waiters participated in the sentiments of their betters, I cannot exactly say; but I certainly thought their manner even less unequivocally betrayed the same desire of impertinence. This was not long a mere suspicion on my part, for on inquiring whether I could have a room for the night, the waiter,

me steadily in the face—muttered, in a whisper, to the officer—"Why he must have been a boy—a mere child, at the time."

"Very true, sir. But the Major says it must be done. Maybe you'd bail him yourself." These words were added in a tone of half irony—as the fellow gave a sly look beneath his eyelashes.

"I tell you, again," said I, impatient at the whole scene, "I am quite ready to accompany you."

"Is this your name, sir?" said the strange gentleman, addressing me, as he pointed to the warrant.

"Yes," interposed the officer, "there's no doubt about that—he gave it himself."

"Come, come, then, Roche," said he, cajolingly, "these are not times for undue strictness. Let the gentleman remain where he is to-night, and to-morrow he will attend you. You can remain here, if you like with him."

"If you say so, I suppose we may do it," replied the officer, as he folded up the paper, and arose from the table.

"Yes, yes—that's the proper course; and now," said he, addressing me, "will you permit me to join you, while I finish this bottle of claret?"

I could have no objection to so pleasant a proposal—and thus, for the time at least, ended this disagreeable affair.

was evident, he was recognized by most of those present, many of whom shook him warmly by the hand, and pressed him to join their parties; but this he declined, as he continued to walk slowly on, scrutinizing each face as he went. At last I saw his eyes turn towards me. It was scarcely a glance, so rapid was it, and so quickly were his looks directed to a different quarter; but I could mark that he whispered something to the person who followed, and then, after carelessly turning over a newspaper on the table, sauntered from the room. As he did so, the shough head of the dwarf newsvender peeped in, and the great black eyes took a survey of the coffee-room, till finally they settled on me.

"Ah!" cried the fellow, with a strange blending of irony and compassion in his voice, "be gorra, I knew how it would be—the Major has ye." At this a general laugh broke out from all present, and every eye was fixed on me. Meanwhile, the follower had taken his place nearly opposite me at the table, and was busily engaged examining a paper which he had taken from his pocket.

"May I ask, sir, if your name be Burke?" said he, in a low voice, across the table.

I started with amazement to hear my name pronounced where I believed myself so completely a stranger—and, in my astonishment, forgot to answer.

"I was asking, sir——" repeated he.

"Yes, you are quite correct," interrupted I, "that is my name. May I beg to know, in return, for what purpose you make the inquiry?"

"Thomas Burke, sir?" continued he, inattentive to my observation, and apparently about to write the name on the paper before him.

I nodded, and he wrote down the words.

"That saves a deal of trouble to all of us, sir," said he, as he finished writing. "This is a warrant for your arrest, but the Major is quite satisfied, if you can give bail for your appearance."

"Arrest!" repeated I, "on what charge am I arrested?"

"You'll hear in the morning, I suppose," said he, quietly. "What shall we say about the bail—have you any acquaintance, or friend, in town?"

"Neither—I am a perfect stranger here—but if you are authorised to arrest me, I here surrender myself at once." By this time, several persons of the coffee-room had approached the table—and, among the rest, the gentleman who so politely made way for me in the crowd, to reach the door.

"What is it, Roche?" said he, addressing the man at the table—"a warrant?"

"Yes, sir; for this gentleman here—but we can take bail, if he has it."

"I have told you, already, that I am a stranger—and know no one here."

The gentleman threw his eyes over the warrant—and then looking

bowels, it produces disorders there; if it be in the lungs, it causes contractions, and a severe cough ensues.

This fact should be constantly borne in mind, that if one organ be disordered it is a fixed law in the economy of our nature that all the other organs sympathise with it. For instance:—the office of the lungs is to purify the blood by bringing it into contact with the atmospheric air. Before it passes the lungs, the blood is of a dark, black colour, and is termed *venous* blood; but after passing those organs it becomes of a beautiful crimson colour, and is then termed *arterial* blood. This change is produced by the action of the oxygen in the atmosphere, which causes the decarbonization of the blood. Now, if the lungs are clogged with impurities; or, in other words, if they are in a state of disease,—they cannot perform their office; and hence the blood is sent through the system in an impure state, charged with carbon which ought to have been thrown off. It is this which causes stomachic affections, from which arise headaches, bilious attacks, rheumatism, and many other evils, the enumeration of which would require a large catalogue.

The office of Worsdell's Pills is *to go at once to the root of disease*, by laying hold of all the unhealthy obstructions; by, so to speak, emancipating the organs which have been bound down by vitiated humours, bringing them into full operation, and enabling them to perform their functions in a healthful and vigorous manner. These are changes so great and so beneficial, as to excite astonishment, as well as pleasure, in the minds of those who use them. It may be truly said of these incomparable Pills that they preserve and improve the health; that they aid digestion—relieve the lungs—remove dangerous oppression from the brain, and produce serenity of mind—they prove determined enemies to the gout and rheumatism—and are, in short, a medicine calculated to root out and overcome any curable disease.

Let it be remembered, withal, that Worsdell's Pills are *purely Vegetable*; and they are so mild in their operation that no person, however delicate, need be afraid to take the quantity specified below.

Each Box at 1s. 1½d. contains at least fifty-eight Pills. A dose of *seven* or *eight* should be taken every day until the patient is recovered. The plan is to commence with *three* Pills, and increase one Pill a night up to *eight*, then every night until well.

N. B.—Mr. Worsdell and family having gone to reside on the Continent, he, previously to leaving England (to prevent any spurious imitation from being imposed upon the public), transferred to JOHN KAYE, Esq., of Dalton Hall, near Huddersfield, **the sole right and interest in preparing and compounding the said Worsdell's Pills;** and, to prevent fraud, the Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have ordered the words "Worsdell's Pills, by John Kaye," to be engraved on the government-stamp. And, as a further protection, purchasers are requested to observe that a fac-simile of the proprietor's signature, "John Kaye," is printed on the directions wrapper round each box, without which none are genuine, and to imitate which is felony.

The following, with thousands of other Testimonials, could be collected of ulcerated legs, indigestion, fits, worms. bile, stomach affections, loss of appetite, headache, with a variety of other complaints, which have been cured by their health-restoring virtues. No deception whatever is intended, or exaggerated statements given. Facts, the truth of which can in a short time be ascertained, by addressing a pre-paid letter to any of the respective parties, ought to produce some weight upon the minds of a discerning public; and, as cases of cure multiply, demonstrative of their efficacy in removing disease, purifying the blood, regulating the bowels, invigorating the system, exhilarating the spirits, and restoring to health, a fair trial is the only test to prove their intrinsic value.

IMPORTANT TO ALL

Who value their Health & Happiness.

It is now no speculative theory but a well authenticated fact, that the celebrated WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS, prepared by JOHN KAYE, Esq., of Dalton Hall, near Huddersfield, are the best Family Medicine ever brought before the public. Had the evidence as to the wonderful and healing qualities of these Pills, rested upon the simple testimony of Mr. Worsdell, or upon one solitary cure, people might, perhaps, entertain doubts as to the virtues which they are represented to possess. But when their health-restoring, body-renovating, disease-eradicating, and blood-purifying effects are born out by the testimonials of thousands upon thousands of individuals,—comprising individuals of all ages, persons suffering under every form of disease,—who by their use have been restored to the possession of that inestimable blessing, sound health; when this is seen to be the case, every unprejudiced mind must surely be convinced that there never was a more effectual antidote to disease than these extraordinary Pills.

It is a circumstance most fortunate for the afflicted portion of mankind, that Mr. Worsdell was led to make these Pills knowu to the public. For, as was stated in the phamphlet first distributed, it was not *pecuniary* motives which induced him to publish the discovery he had made. But having cured Mrs. Worsdell of a painful malady with which she had been afflicted for many years, and relieved her from the excruciating pain which she suffered in consequence; and having also cured himself of a wound upon one of his legs, which had caused him many a sleepless night; he was compelled, by feelings of benevolence, to make them known to his neighbours. The fame of his remedy was soon spread far and wide. Applications for his Pills came from distant places; and these applications multiplied so fast, that he was literally compelled to appoint Agents in various parts of the country, to meet the demand. And this demand continues to increase, as it may naturally be expected to do, while thousands by their use are raised from their beds of sickness, restored to the enjoyment of health, and to their place in society.

Mr. WORSDELL'S mode of curing disease is plain and simple; but it is perfectly consistent alike with the principles of true science, and of sound physiology. It is *by thoroughly purifying that vital principle of life,* THE BLOOD; by exciting in the system a war of extermination against all obstructions, however obstinate, and all impurities, however deeply lodged. For it is an incontrovertible fact that if the blood circulates through the body in a pure state, disease is impossible.—What occasions disease, and all the pain and inconvenience consequent upon it? The question is easily answered;—impurities are allowed to accumulate in the system, and wherever these are lodged, disorganization ensues. Take a familiar illustration to explain this: a person spends some time in a heated room; the pores of his body are thus opened, and he perspires freely; while in this state he goes out into the cold air; the pores of his body are suddenly closed; the perspiration ceases; and the waste matter which would have been carried off is thrown back into the system. Then the organs of respiration refuse to perform their office, and impurities are sure to lodge in some portion of his frame. If the lodgment be in the

Extract of a letter from the Agent at Bodmin.

CURE OF AN ABSCESS IN THE SIDE.

SIR,—Several persons in our neighbourhood have derived great benefit from the use of your Pills; one case is a person named John Bennett, who came from Fowey (a distance of eleven miles), for the purpose of informing me of the great benefit he had received from the use of *Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative* Pills. He had been afflicted with an abscess in his side for eight years, the greater part of which time he kept his bed, and was attended by a surgeon at Fowey, who very candidly told his mother, when applying for more medicine, that to let her have more would only be picking her pocket, for nothing more could be done for him. However, a relation of her's sent him a box of the above Pills, a few doses of which made a perceptible change, and the contents of one box effected a complete cure. Many others who have been greatly benefited by their use, have, through delicacy, been kept back from letting their names come before the public; but I hope shortly to be able to furnish you with many more cases. I am yours truly,

March 6, 1843. J. HOCKIN.

CURE OF RUNNING SORES.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Milborne, Agent at Brampton.

SIR,—As another striking proof of the efficacy of Worsdell's Pills, I forward you the case of Mrs. Little, wife of Mr. Little, farmer at Greenhill, parish of Stapleton, Cumberland, who for five years was severely afflicted with running sores in her legs, which rendered her quite incapable of walking, and towards the latter part of the time, her sufferings were so severe and acute that she could obtain no sleep, but every night (for a month) sat up in bed, holding her legs, and moaning most bitterly. Through the deprivation of sleep, combined with the excruciating nature of the pain, she was so far reduced as to render existence a burden. When in this miserable condition, she was informed of the wonderful efficacy of your medicine; but as every means she had previously used had proved abortive, she had little confidence in them; however, reading of cases similar to her own having been cured by their use, she was induced to give them a trial, the first box of which allayed the pain, and caused her to sleep with comfort. She has now taken four boxes, and is able to go about her affairs with ease and delight. From feelings of gratitude to you, as the instrument under God in effecting her recovery, and from feelings of benevolence to her fellow-mortals, she wishes her case to be made as public as possible, that others afflicted in the same way may experience the same happy results. I could give you the cases of many others who have derived great benefit from their use, in cases of spinal complaints, stomach complaints, and a variety of other diseases, did not their connections induce them to keep their names back from the public eye. I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

Dec. 1843. A. MILBORNE.

CURE OF AN OBSTINATE BOWEL COMPLAINT.

SIR,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I inform you of the great benefit I have derived from the use of your valuable Pills. I have been troubled for upwards of four years and a-half with the bowel complaint, which made me so weak that I was not able to follow my work. In order to obtain relief from this troublesome complaint, I had recourse to several medical men, but to no purpose; I also had the advice of an eminent physician; that, alike with all previous means, proved unavailing. When I first began to take your Pills, I was determined to give them a fair trial. I continued taking them till I had used nine boxes, and to my great joy, they effected a perfect cure, and now I can say I am as healthy as ever I was in my life.

You are at liberty to give what publicity you think proper to the above, as I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting it.

Sept. 22nd, 1843. THOMAS HUGHES, Builder, Rug, near Corwen.

CURE OF DREADFUL CASE OF SCURVY.

(Communicated by the Agent for Wigan.)

SIR,—Mr. Elias Burchall, of Ashton in Mackerfield, near Wigan, had been grievously afflicted for many months with eruptions of scurvy, producing blotches

over various parts of the body; the legs and thighs were much affected: in fact, the system was one mass of disease throughout, producing much languor both of mind and body. He was led to avail himself of the skill of many individuals, among whom were several of the faculty: but all attempts to effect a cure appeared only to aggravate the disease. Considerable inflammation came on as the disease was prolonged in its existence; and in addition to the pain, a prickling and itching sensation rendered the complaint doubly disagreeable. After trying every supposed remedy that presented itself without effect, he was recommended to go to Southport, to try the influence of sea-air and bathing; but still deriving no benefit from this resource, his case was given up as almost hopeless. In this state, one of your pamphlets was placed in Mr. Burchall's hands, and ascertaining from it that cases similar to his own had been successfully treated by Worsdell's Pills, he was induced to purchase a box, and finding that the medicine operated in a most satisfactory manner, he continued taking for a short time, and the effect produced was a restoration to as strong and healthy a state as ever he enjoyed in his life. Feeling strongly the claims these Pills have upon the attention of the afflicted, and knowing their real value, Mr. B. has been induced to allow his case to come before the public. Innumerable instances of diseased stomachs and bowels, headaches, coughs, colds, and asthmas, are almost daily brought under my notice, all of which are most successfully treated by the use of your valuable Pills; indeed, they are used in a great number of families as an all-sufficient remedy for the many diseases to which they are liable.

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

To Mr. Kaye, Dalton Hall. THOS. WALL.

REMARKABLE CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

MR. KAYE,—SIR,—I have been a severe sufferer from that dreadful complaint, the rheumatism. For six years I have been afflicted; during that time I was two years and two months and could not lift my head from the pillow. I have tried various medicines, and have been attended by different medical gentlemen in the town, from whom I received no lasting benefit; my ankle joints were grown quite out of shape and use. I was persuaded by Mr. Parker, your agent, to give your Vegetable Pills a trial; I have taken four or five boxes, and am happy to say I am now comparatively well; my joints are quite restored, and I can attend to my employment as usual, which I have been prevented from doing so long; and return you thanks for your valuable medicine, and declare I would not be without it at any price. I shall be glad to answer all inquiries. Yours truly,

28, Vauxhall Road, Preston. DAVID GRAHAM.

WONDERFUL WORM CASE.

MR. KAYE,—SIR,—For several months I have been afflicted with pains in my back, head, and stomach, accompanied with dizziness, and at times a troublesome outbreak all over my body. I was attended by some of the most skilful doctors, but their medicines seemed to have no effect. Being witness to several wonderful cures by taking your Vegetable Pills, I was resolved to try them, and purchased a box from Mr. Parker, your Agent for Blackburn, and after taking them for four days, I felt a wonderful change, and the fifth day I voided a tape-worm sixty feet long; the day following I parted with a great number more, broken and of different sizes. My pains all left me, and in a few days I was as healthy as ever I was in my life. You may publish my case for the benefit of others, and I shall be happy to satisfy all inquirers. I am yours respectfully,

Blackburn, Dec. 4, 1843. J. COWELL.

CURE OF TIC-DOLOREUX.

MR. KAYE,—SIR,—For upwards of six months I was a great sufferer from that dreadful complaint tic-doloreux. The pain in my head and face was most distressing; I was blind for more than a week, and for a fortnight I was jaw-locked, and could only be fed through my teeth with a tea-spoon; whenever the pain left my head and face it fell into my shoulders and elbow-joints, so that day and night I was distracted: from doctors I could get no permanent relief, I tried all the reme-

dies I could hear of, without receiving any advantage; happening to see one of your pamphlets which was left at a neighbour's house, I was induced, from the many cures therein stated, to give your pills a trial; I sent to Mr. Service, your Agent for Sunderland, and purchased a box, and to my surprise, found relief by taking two or three doses, and before I had taken one box I was completely cured. It is now six months since, and I have not felt the least symptom of the complaint, and am as well as I ever was in my life. You are at liberty to make what use of this you think proper. I shall have much pleasure in answering any person who may wish to make further inquiry. I remain, yours gratefully,

Flag-Lane, Sunderland, MARGARET HOPPER CHARLTON.
July, 6, 1842.

Case of Cure communicated by the Rev. J. T. Jones, Carmarthen.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in communicating the following surprising case of cure. Mrs. Ann Williams, of Carmarthen, was afflicted for upwards of three years with a severe pain across her back, accompanied with loss of appetite; but, by taking your Vegetable Pills, a perfect cure has been effected in her, though all other medical aid proved abortive. She has also been troubled with asthma for a great many years, and I am happy to state, that she never found anything that did her so much good for this distressing complaint, and is now recovering fast, and is ready to testify to the truth of the above, and to satisfy all inquiries respecting it, and can with confidence recommend a medicine from which she has derived so much benefit.

I am a witness of the beneficial effects of these Pills on an immense number of persons, especially young females suffering from general debility, who have been restored to perfect health; and many others in our neighbourhood, have been cured of severe rheumatism, worms, sore legs, severe headaches, &c.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

Carmarthen, October 7, 1843. J. T. JONES.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Glasson, Penzance.

CURE OF DROPSY.

THOMAS DEACON, of St. Just, a youth, seventeen years of age, was afflicted with a most distressing case of dropsy; for ten months he was confined to the house; and for ten weeks never had his clothes on him; two boxes of your valuable pills quite removed his complaint, so that he came to Penzance, a distance of seven miles, that I might see the case myself, he appeared deeply sensible of the benefit conferred on him by a gracious Providence, who had directed him to the use of your Pills.

ASTONISHING CURE EFFECTED AT HARLINGTON, NEAR UXBRIDGE.

GEORGE SMITH, shoemaker, residing at Harlington, Middlesex, was greatly afflicted, from August, 1839, to February, 1842, with general debility of system. Medical men were applied to in the neighbourhood, who said that he never would recover, as his disease was in the spine; when in this hopeless state he heard of WORSDELL'S PILLS, was advised to procure a box, which he did in January last, obtaining great relief from them. He was encouraged to persevere, and after taking four boxes he is quite recovered, and is now able again to follow his employment.—Statement taken August 9th, 1842, by W. CLOUGH.

That the above statement is correct, witness my hand, GEORGE SMITH.

Sir,—I hereby forward you the statement of Mr. Legood, I never heard of a more distressing case; he told me, that he had paid upwards of Three Hundred Pounds to medical gentlemen, but that he had never experienced anything so efficacious as your Vegetable Restorative Pills. I remain, Sir, yours respectfully.

To Mr. Kaye. G. COLBY, *Agent for Bungay.*

SIR,—As you wish to know the effects which Worsdell's Pills have had upon me, in answer to your inquiries, I ought in the first place to state that I was greatly afflicted for three years previous to taking the pills, and such was the distressing nature of my malady, that I could not stand upright, I had no appetite, and was troubled with a continual pain in my chest; and at any time, if I eat a piece of

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meat of an ounce weight, the pain was most excruciating. Such was the afflicted state in which I was, when one of Worsdell's pamphlets was put into my hands; on looking over its contents, I found my case so clearly described, that I determined to try a box of these pills, which I did in April last—I continued them, and have taken altogether one dozen boxes, and am happy to say that I am now restored to health and able to follow my employment; my appetite is good, I can eat a hearty dinner and feel comfortable after it. I had tried various means for relief, but without receiving any benefit; and I can positively affirm, that I never did meet with anything that would remove my disease until I took *Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative Pills*, and I feel it my duty to express this to you, that you may give it publicity for the benefit of others. I remain, Sir, yours truly,

August 18th, 1842. DANIEL LEGOOD, *Farmer, Bedingham.*

CURE OF A VERY SORE LEG.

SIR,—MR. W. WARMINGTON of this town, (St. Columb) has been afflicted with a very sore leg for upwards of thirteen years, during which time he tried every possible means to obtain a cure, but all to no purpose, he at last heard of your Vegetable Restorative Pills, and through my persuasion, he purchased a box; he is upwards of 50 years of age, and although he has taken but three boxes in the whole, his leg is perfectly healed, and he now says that his once affected leg is the best of the two: he has since travelled thirty miles per day. YOURS respectfully, J. REMFRY.

CURE OF THE PILES AND GRAVEL.

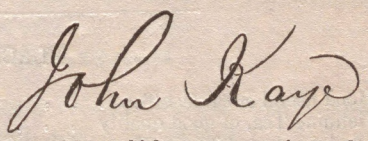
To Mr. KAYE.—SIR,—I have been a great sufferer for years from the piles and the gravel. I have tried several medicines, but all in vain. At last Mr. David Pugh, your agent for Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, informed me of the wonderful efficacy of your Pills. I have taken a few boxes, and testify before the world that no medicine ever gave me so much relief. I reckon it a great privilege and an incalculable benefit to the world, to be made acquainted with your Vegetable Restorative Pills. Yours, &c. WILLIAM JONES, Shoemaker, Bethesda.

SURFEIT AND COLD.

SIR,—I have been a great sufferer from cold and surfeiting, so that I could not follow my employment. I had a violent pain in my stomach, with sickness and vomiting, with pain in my back and limbs. No medicine seemed to do me any good until I began to take your Vegetable Restorative Pills; after taking five doses I was relieved by their efficacy; in a few days I was well.

King Street, Blackburn, Dec. 4, 1843. JAS. CUNLIFFE.

To prevent fraud, the Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have ordered the words *Worsdell's Pills, by John Kaye*, to be engraved on the Government Stamp, and as a further protection, purchasers are requested to observe that a fac-simile of the proprietor's signature



is printed on the direction, wrapped round each Box, without which none are genuine, and to imitate which is felony.

☞ *The above Pills open obstructed passages, remove impure humours, purify the blood, and restore the health. Tens of thousands, afflicted in all kinds of diseases, have been benefited by their use.*

For further particulars see also the large Pamphlet, to be had Gratis from the Agents.

The agency for Worsdell's Pills is confined exclusively to one person in each locality or district. An Agent will be appointed in those towns where there is not one already (any respectable trade approved of.) Applications for the same to be addressed to the proprietor, JOHN KAYE, Dalton Hall, near Huddersfield.

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For full particulars, relative to the terms of Agency, apply to the Company's Office, Little Tower Street.

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